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To Mr. Mackie.

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THE HEART OF A DANCER AND
OTHER VERSE BY W. W. PEPLOE

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TO S. J. PEPLOE
DEAREST BROTHER AND FRIEND
IN LOVE AND MEMORY

THE HEART OF A DANCER

“HIN NO NUSUBITO KOI NO UTA”

OFFRANDE.

To you, who of my life best understood
Its desolation and its loneliness ;
Its fugitive delights, its bitterness,
Its laughter and its tears, each varying mood ;
Its cry for God though from a devil's mouth ;
Its prayers, like bacchanals', from tainted lips ;
Its ecstasies, its torments, its eclipse,
Its triumphs and its failures ; yea, in sooth,
Its tragi-comedy ; and gave to all
Its due proportion and its complement—
For all my sorrow all your merriment,
For all my Hate a crown of Love withal—
Dearest, this record of that life I bring
And lay it at your feet in offering.

IN MEMORIAM. V.S.L.

All that I held most dear a year ago,
Where is it now?
Love and the gift of love! The winter's snow
Is not more surely gone. And I, alone,
Anguished, sit still, my lips in monotone
Ever repeating, as if words could drown
The voice of sorrow's moan:
Why did you go?

Why did you go? Was Death, then, tenderer
That you should choose
Him than my heart? Was our love slenderer
Than I had thought, that you should snap the cord
That seemed to chafe? Dearest, but at your word
Rather I'd yielded my life, than afford
Out of Love's treasure hoard
My crown to lose!

So am I left a beggar at the gate
Of Life's rich feast!
Nay, rather, but as one who cometh late
And finds no room, nor any bid him Hail,
Here or Hereafter. For, behind the veil,
There is no Love nor loving—no avail—
Only the faces pale
Of those at rest!

MARY MAGDALENE.

O let me pass! For I would kiss His feet,
My Lord's tired feet, and wash them with my tears,
And dry them with my hair, and them anoint.
For He has looked on me as no man hath,
They always lusting, but His glance was Love,
And pity for the outrage of my sin.
He knew my state, and how to it I came:
That every drop of blood within my veins
Was even as the colour of my hair,
Urgent, devouring, like a leaping fire.
And so He pitied, and I am forgiven.
I was as wax, and men made play with me
To charm them, or to still the raging beast
That coveted, until appeased with prey.
Many have I called Master, no one Lord!
For none has tarried, none has made his throne
Where I had one to offer—wayfarers
Seeking my body only, not my soul.
For, 'neath the tragedy that is my life,
I have a woman's heart, crying for love;
For sweet companionship of chosen mate,
For home and children; little yearning hands
And eyes that gather, and the rosy mouths
Of little babes to lie upon my breast.
But no one knew my thought, their one desire
To satisfy the passion of the night
Upon my body. With the morning light
They vanished, and they left me to my tears.
And seeking ever, in my weariness
What could I do but yield in habitude?
But now that my Lord's eyes have looked on me,
And chosen me as one among a crowd,
Saying these words that washed my fault away:
"Thy sins are all forgiven!" let me pass
That I may give Him of my worship, fall
Even at His feet; I cannot lift my eyes
To where His burn in hunger of men's souls!
For I must love my Lord and worship Him.
Yea, but to touch Him is a sacrament!

HORS DU CAFÉ.

Do you remember, dear, the sudden sob,
Sharp as an anguish, of the violin?
Dear, did it hurt you as it pierced my heart?
Then in repeat, fainter, as of a soul
Dying in longing, all unsatisfied.
Come, let us on the street at this pale hour,
When grey to blue, to purple, melts and dies
Under the orange eyes of lighted lamps!

See, Jesus lives! For lo, His banner moves
Triumphant, borne by zealots, down the street!
Look how, in purple of the gathering night,
The lamps sing soft on blue and crimson, and
Staccato on the cornets' silver mouths.
Behind, all silent, with their eyes of bistre,
Follow the darkened crowd, with hearts aflame,
Longing for Him, and for the souls of men
As jewels to adorn their Master's crown.

Mad? Are they mad, or we, who also bear
Wounds in our souls, the mark of those who yearn
With awful hunger of the Beautiful?
O, let them go! And so I take your hand
And lead you even as you have guided me.
Let us, as in these roses that I give,
Image ourselves! Once were we like to these
White, as the snow or summer butterflies.

Now like to those, whose petals faintly blush,
Our souls are touched by fingers passionate.
(Dear, do not smile, you know it is the truth.)
And with them, in exotic beauty, see
Waxed and perfumed, do I give to you
These little blossoms of the white tuberose.
This unto you of me a memory,
Hidden in green leaves of the deathless bay.
Take it and keep it, dear,—till you forget!

THE VOICE OF THE DANCER.

A FRAGMENT.

See, I am born again ! Ye dead, come forth,
For only are you resting in your tombs !
Come forth, and, in your resurrection,
Reborn, renewed, come and behold my face !
I am the incarnation of all those
Who held you captive in the long ago—
Aspasia, Thais, Cleopatra I,
And Ariadne ; I Louise, Diane,
Helen and Sappho, Juliet, Margaret,
Jezebel and the sainted Magdalene !
I am Isolde, I have died for love ;
Yea, even to such as I such rapture comes,
And, seeing me, behold sweet Heloise !
In all the varying languages of men
What name imports ? Lo, I am living still,
And loving, and am ready to be loved !
And I would have you rise from out your tombs,
And follow me, as always men have done,
And always will, even to the end of time.
And on my lips and in my weary eyes
There shall you see anew the mystery ;
And you shall seek to find a woman's heart.
O, foolish search, for never is it found !
It must be given, and always is it so.
And I shall kiss you on your crimson mouths
And give you happiness ; and I shall laugh,
For always is a man a sovereign
When crowned with kisses, so imagining
Him only as the chosen. I shall weep
At my own desolation, for none knows,
Or ever can, another's loneliness.
And I am lonelier than a hunted thing ;
I am pursued by all the race of men ;
And I am killed at last by my desire.

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THE LAST CHOICE.

O Tabernacle of a foolish heart,
The presence-chamber of such varying gods,
There resting but a space, even but an hour !
Never within that heart has One, apart,
Dwelt, God of gods, in final sovereignty,
Supreme o'er all these tenants of a Day.
Behold thee once again, unvisited,
Empty and waiting ! All is garnished there
And ready for the King. O, may my prayer
Rise like the incense cloud of some old rite ;
The ancient thrilling music of the chant,
The majesty of light, the spell of art ;
All of humanity that is divine ;
All that may spirit unto flesh unite
In faith adoring, in the magic hour
Of holy ecstasy !

Nay, all is vain.

Foolish to deck the shrine where no one dwells,
Or offer praises to a vanished god !
Prayers are but echoes of a flying wish,
The mere reflection of a stirring brain ;
It is the Life, and they but counterfeits.
Though one should pray forever in the dark
Anguished, with all the passion of the world,
The terrible distress of sorrowing hearts,
Sad sepulchres for man's imaginings,
What boots it if there is no god to hear ?

Are they all dead ? Is none among them left
To hear the cry of those who hunger still,
To fill their hearts, like empty bowls that lie
Waiting a great outpouring ? Yea, but one ?

Go, seek a God, and make Him dweller there
Symbol of endless Love received and given !
Seek Him no longer in the city's ways,
The glare of lights, the loudly sounding voice
Of music, or the raptures of a crowd.

But where the sea is fain to kiss the beach
With ashen lips, go seek Him in its moods !
Go seek Him in the clefts of ancient rocks ;
The rolling green of moorland in the sun,
Under a canopy of summer cloud,
And traversed only by some crying bird ;
Midst terrible abysses of old time,
Great blackened cliffs that overhang the sea,
Ever desiring through the centuries,
To lose their lives in his ! Yea, in such place,
Shadowed and silent, gleaming in the sun,
In surge of waves or quiet of the shore,
Or in the green night of some ancient wood—
There shall you find the God you pray with tears,
Still waiting in His turn, His worshipper,
Not the divided homage of dull crowds,
But the eternal hunger-love of one.

AUTUMNAL OF SENSATION.

Once I loved all the colour of the Spring,—
Pale mauve of almonds, and the tender green
Of beeches, and the hue of blossoming fruits,
The pink of apples and the cherry's snow—
All things of promise after winter's sleep;
And tiny faint-hued flowers that come in woods,
The stars of celandine and violets,
And all the emerald of growing trees.
When I was older, and the Summer burned,
Then I was wiser. Was I but more tired,
Tired with life's burden ere the noonday came?
I know not. But my old affections waned,
And I was fain to turn my longing eyes
To other flowers—splendid magnolias,
Passionate roses of magnificence;
Great crimson poppies with the hue of blood,
And weariness within their scented cups;
Purple and red and black anemones,
The awful harvest of a field of death;
Great flambent lilies; orchids strangely formed,
Born in the torrid silence of a swamp;
Long azure blossoms, and deep ivory,
With strange lush green encircling them like robes
Folded round dusky pallid eastern limbs.
And with them I made wreaths to deck my hair,
And pressed my lips to all their flaming mouths
Until I wearied of their pageantry,
And I was fain to cast such things away.
Sated and tired I wept in loneliness,
Longing for blossoms new to still my grief,
To crush their petals in my fevered hands,
And cool my brow in languor of their leaves.
So in his turn I saw the Autumn come,
Flushed like a drunkard from the feast, anon
Paling in terror of the coming dawn,
The flame within his hair to ashes turned,
And the vermillion of his petalled crown
Turned to sobriety of faded greens,

Faint ambers and the hue of dying leaves
 Falling in silence on a freezing pool.
 And, as I gazed upon his deathlike face
 Crowned with strange yellow flowers, I felt my life
 Swoon underneath the terror of his eyes.
 And unto him I cried in weariness:
 "Go not awhile, for I have waited long,
 And nought has satisfied of all my joy
 Save Thee, Thou Conqueror! For what is life
 But a long road to Death, and Death itself
 But the ingathering of a field of chaff
 Left by the moths! And so I bid you Hail
 And Welcome after all satiety of fools!
 Thou art the truth, and they comedians
 Playing their little part; Thou art the pall
 That clothes at length the players and the stage!"
 But wanly then he smiled and answered me:
 "Nay, but not even I can bide with you.
 I am but as the others, passers-by.
 And, in his turn, another comes to claim
 Your homage, and the homage of all men,
 For we are but fore-runners, He the King!"
 Then I was sad, and wept to hear these words,
 And pondered them, and cried within my heart:
 "What boots the conduct of my weary life
 If even in decay nought satisfies
 And there is nought to please but in the grave?
 And as my flowers have passed and yielded up
 Each in its turn its fragrance and its joy—
 Almonds to roses, these to poppies given,
 Through all the varying tones of minor keys
 To the faint tremolo of tainted gray,
 So will I pass, for I have kissed them all,
 Loved for a day, forgotten as they went;
 And in their winter sleep I will unite.
 But unlike them who, dying, leave their life
 A legacy of increase through the years,
 Is there another Spring for such as I?"

"NE CHERCHEZ PLUS MON CŒUR, LES
BÊTES L'ONT MANGÉ."

(M. ROLLINAT.)

"Seek not my heart—the Beasts have eaten it!"
All the wild creatures who have made their prey
These weary years till my rose youth turned gray
Have found, and each one fiercer, meat in it.

All the emotion—all the wild desire—
Unappeased cravings and the maddest joys
Of red extravagance! In pain and noise
The last black morsel has been burnt in fire.

Is there a God to recreate anew—
Quicken afresh the soul within a man?
Let Him bestow on me, if that He can,
Such a new heart wherewith to worship you!

CIRCLE OF LIFE.

Life is for me in octaves. As revolve
All the returning weeks I am alive
Only that day we meet—the rest but strive
In minor discords seeking to resolve.

TWO GIFTS.

Pale yellow tongues of passion, quiv'ring, with
tortured edges,
Thrusting madly, all veined with umber, towards
the Something!
Mauve ones, demurer, but pointed, with crimson
in blotches,
Curling, but seeming reluctant, to touch in with-
drawal——

I give you these flowers.

Palpitant, passionate, changeful, of moods for the
moment,
Quivering ever at touch of emotion, responding,
Loving, enduring and hating, and torturing,
tortured,
Lingering, living, withdrawing, then crowned
in surrender,——

I give you my soul.

VALSE BLANCHE.

We two in the white room whilst the sun shone,
And colour glowed on the walls where the pictures
hung,

Radiant, dazzling, the summer colour of France,
And roses, yea, and a face or two in the light!

I looked at the dark floor, empty, as for a dance,
Waiting, like Herod's floor, for Salome's feet,—

Little white feet dancing among rose leaves.

Did I hum the air first, dear, or was it you,

Waking the silent passion of dead days?

So I caught you there, yes, you, for a moment's
space,

And I hold you so, yes, you, for Eternity.

TO A MUSICIAN.

In the red room—with the light of the red fire,
Musing I sat on your low chair in its glow,
Blackest of shades in my heart till your hands
 touched
Sound from the keys in a strange melody.

Red flowed to black, borrowing each, to blend,
Neither lost, in a strange purple of imagining—
Red in its tongues of Life, leaping and soaring,
Sinking like shadow of Death into blackest night.

SOUS L'ARBRE.

Under the trees I sit,
And the birds pass
Singing. Their shadows flit
Over the grass.

What do I think of here
Among the flowers?
Is it remembrance, dear,
Of other hours?

Is it a forward view,
When discords die;
And life to me and you,
Is Harmony?

Or is it, as it should
To one so tired,
Only an interlude;
Dreaming, in idle mood,
Of things desired?

HEURES D'ATTENTE.

L'été passe, et avec lui ses fleurs blanches.
Ô jours morts ! ô la tristesse de ces heures !
Voici l'automne, et pour nos cœurs la revanche,
Et ô le pourpre des orchis en leurs langueurs !

Pas encore l'hiver ! ce n'est que les jours jaunes
Des feuilles-mortes qui viennent décorer la terre,
Quand tu viens, toi, avec les yeux d'un faune,
Ces yeux riants, d'une mélancolie légère.

CHEMIN À SOUHAIT.

Dear, we followed a well-known road
When we drove together, side by side,
You and I, in the eventide,
And talked of Love—and the latest mode!

Is it not thus with your road in Life?
Smooth, too smooth, and a cool calm gray,
Garnished with trees all along the way,
With never a hint of fear or strife?

Do you not wish for a newer way,
Bare perhaps, or a lane apart?
Could you not find the road to a heart
On this decline of a summer's day?

ENNUI.

Life is a cup of jade,
 With poppies filled,—
Mauve poppies of the field.
 And one has made
Cinctures of ebon thread
 Round each frail stem
 To strangle them,
That so they bow the head
Wearily, after an hour, and then hang dead.

RENCONTRE.

What was I dreaming of to-day ?
The long gray street, the trees too green,
The rain's first patter through the screen
Of emerald above the gray ?

But then you smiled, and then you spoke,
And called my name, and voiced your own.
What was my dreaming monotone ?
I know not now, for I awoke.

And like as when from summer dreams
Under the moon, we waking lie,
Afraid of a reality—
For often vision kinder seems—

So must you then have thought me dull.
But still you spoke, and still you smiled !
And I am happy as a child,
And would I were as dutiful !

LIEBESTOD.

To-night one sang Isolde. O, the woe
To lose the joy that one can hardly gain!
O cup but tasted, when the lips would drain
Love's fountain in its utmost overflow!

What of the dear remembrance of the Spring,
If, like to her, no summer, burgeoning,
Comes with the fragrance of its blossoming—
Never an autumn with its harvesting?

Only the winter always! always Death,
Like Tristan in his sleep eternal lying.
To live alone! O dear one, in thy dying,
My soul, like hers, is yours in my last breath!

FLEUR DU MAL.

See, in an ancient glass of royal France,
Rose and tuberose upon my table stand,
And lighted candles fling on either hand
The magic splendour of their radiance !

And all my senses in surrender there
Reel in a tumult as the perfume brings
The immoral fragrance of dead, sinful things,
Lovely in death, but poisoning the air.

Rose-coloured Life, yet with the gray of Death
Touching its lips, and the sweet scent of Life
Crushed 'neath the other's kiss—the daily strife
Of Soul and Body to our last faint breath !

For lo, the perfume of the tuberose creeps
Tainting the air, nostalgic of the grave
And all desires that must their ending have
Deeper and deeper still, to endless deeps.

Beautiful Life caught in the arms of Death !
Under the robe of silk the dying frame !
Desire unutterable burning to the same
Sad end that all Life's tumult shadoweth !

And over all the candles cast their light,
Life, Death, Soul, Body, joined in one gay dance !
O, sinful as a dream of royal France,
So is the perfume of my flowers to-night !

DESDICHADO.

O unavailing years! O bitter years!
O tragedy of loss! O death of love!
Was it but thus to end that we began
Friends from the first? Ever to me more dear
I gave you all I had—no poor repast—
Were not the tables furnished with my best?
And evermore adventured I to find
Newer and better,—all my soul was yours,—
And hid my troubles deeper in my heart
Lest they should hurt you too!

When the storm broke
And I was crushed beneath my suffering,
Then you who were companion of my light
Saw not, and comprehended not, my agony,
Giving the flippant word for the heart's cry.
And so these years must be but as a dream
And I must blot them from my memory.
Yea, old and tired, and bowed beneath the load
Of other, deeper grief, how can I rise?
How can I look again with weary eyes
For any such again? O bitter years!
Sharper than Death their leering tragedy!

MOMENT DU JEU.

Dear, what you ask I cannot give :
No part for you, howe'er you pray,
In this my life : there is no way
For you to enter now, why strive ?

Why did we meet ? What wideflung chance
Turned up, like dice, our lives as now ?
It was a devil made the throw.
Some magic made the ivories dance.

But now the other side will throw
And I and you apart will lie,
And only live in memory,
Though touching often as we go,

Until the game is done. And then
Night for a little space, the while
They rest themselves, and we lie still.
Then, waking, all begins again.

ANIMA INFIDELIS.

Bruised violets and the scent of burning gums—
Incense to rouse the Soul to ecstasy!
What visions may arise in phantasy
When heart-throbs beat like sound of muffled
drums?

Be calm, my Soul, and let these visions pass—
Intangible, returning whence they came!
Nay, thou shouldst rather call upon One Name
Graven on my heart as diamond on glass.

Clear, shining, faithful, written there by Love,
Love's autograph, to chosen soul displayed!
In thought of the surrender thereby made
The story of your life and mine should ever move.

BLACK MINOR.

Summer is past, and leaves but weary hours.
Gone its white blossoms, sunshine, and the song
Of little birds ; nothing is heard among
These slender woods where gossamers are hung
But the dead leaves falling on dying flowers.

There was a flash of scarlet ere it went
Like an alarum ere the battle, when
Our weary souls were recreate again
To other, brighter, newer ventures, then
Dark, and the long sad days of discontent.

So was your coming and your stay, to pass
Like a last ray of sunshine ere the night.
Of what avail now is the candlelight
On roses in their splendour, or the bright
Gleam of the wine : I do not see your face.

THE SECOND CIRCLE.

Again this awful discord, once again
To touch but notes of agony! No sound
But harshness, never the old melody!
O God, how terrible! What devil's hand
Sways to the murmur of the love-song, what
Fiendish sport has made the viols mute,
Changing their whispered words to shouts of
brass?

I cannot tell. Only I know that I
Am sick to death of this cacophony.
At heart a child, I love but children's songs,
The olden airs, sad sometimes, yes, but gay,
Even in the undercurrent of their tears.
Now in my age, I must face melody
Made for, and by, the suffering of Man.
O cruel torment for a child's weak heart,
Unready, maugre the lesson of the years,
For the inevitable, sad end of all!
No, if our songs have died, their music gone,
Never to charm again, to touch our hearts,
I cannot live without them, hearing nought,
Or worse, but harshness: I will follow them.
I cannot bid my voice to say good-bye.
But, in the scented purple of some night
When you are happy, you will feel a pang
Sudden, like anguish passing o'er a flower
Cut from its stem. Then, dearest, you will
know,
Without a sigh, without one parting word,
I have gone out into the dark alone.

YOUR LETTER.

A little shell—but a great pearl I find
Hidden within. O, have I been so blind
These years of searching? Or did it require
Those awful moments passing through the fire
To reach this place; to have this treasure shown
Before my questing eyes? Yea, let me own
The torment I have suffered is as nought
With what I see now—with what promise
fraught
These words: "Despair is of Man's search for
God
The cry." Before His throne in silence bowed
I sought for Love in this my agony,
And finding Love in God, felicity!

WANDERING.

"All Life is but a wandering to find home."

J. A. SYMONDS.

Not here our resting-place,
Though joys may come,
The smile of chosen face—
The hallowed room—
Our only rest—the tomb.

There let us, sleeping, dream
Of what we were;
There shall our troubles seem
As gossamer,
And all our bliss as air!

Is that the end? or, waking,
Shall we embark
On some new undertaking?
Seek some new mark—
New struggle in the dark?

TWO NIGHTS.

Dear, of our eyes there was no vicinage
As yesterweek in chosen solitude.
To-night we sat in statelier attitude,
And watched the puppets play upon the stage.
Only within my mind the memory stirred
Of other scene; seeing the gray sea sleep,
Gray ruins standing in green meadows deep:
And over all the night-call of a bird.
Your eyes, that watched with mine that far-off
 scene
And into mine looked then enquiringly,
Mirroring all the colour of the sky,
To-night for others smiled; and crowds between,
Vulgar and strident, stretched like an abyss.
If that first scene was Heaven, can Hell be this?

DÉSACCORDÉ.

Last night, amid the feasting and the flowers
What shadow fell, my brother, o'er our joy?
For I could feel something of base alloy
Tarnish the promised gold of these dear hours.
Was it remembrance or oblivion;
The thought of others sweeter, or the fret
Of present failure? Tell me, dear. And yet,
What could I do but weep if aught undone
On my part counted for a grief to you?
And so, alone to-night, I think how true
How dear you are, and how unworthy I,
How poor I am to do you homage! Still,
Never can Time, the thief, do what he will,
Rob me of all my treasured memory.

FOR YOUR DAY.

Gray eyes so kind, that o'er Life's weary way
To-day glance backward; voice of tenderness,
Pale hands that move across my wilderness
And make appeal for home, what can I say?
In all the passage of the hurrying years,
These thieves that steal our youth, what do you
see;

What do you hear of all Life's symphony;
What do you hold? Is joy among the tears?
Roses have bloomed and roses scattered lie!
Are these your memories? Nay, their perfume
lives.

And I would have you know, from one who
strives,

That in this heart one rose of memory—
The touch of soul to soul, the living glance,
The soft appeal—blossoms in radiance!

SALVE REGINA.

You sang to me. Across the years I felt another
Presence lean
And whisper words of joy serene, calming the
tumult of my fears.

You sang of meadows green, yet I, even as I
listened to your voice,
Saw not mankind in Spring rejoice. Rather that
haunting melody

Brought back a vision of old days—the pealing
organ, sacred shrine,
And, in Her Majesty Divine, Our Lady in the
tapers blaze!

I thought of all since then—how I, a wanderer
now without the Fold,
Yet hungered for these days of old; the ancient
secret ecstasy.

And you have made the weary years pass as a
dream; with strength renewed
Shall I tread on, again indued with twofold guard
of praise and prayers.

So would I make you offering of these poor words
my thanks to say.
And to Our Lady day by day may you and I our
service bring!

Unto Her glory, you your Art touched with the
Holy Spirit's power;
I, to the decking of Her bower, the worship of an
humble heart.

LES JAMAIS DE L'ENFER.

Gray walls around, pink flowers, and O, the
ceaseless babble of a crowd.

I wanted then to cry aloud: "Silence, ye fools,
you hurt me so!"

But then a chord was struck, and see, you lift
your voice, and silence fell.

And I could hear in deepest Hell Orpheus call
Eurydice.

Gone is the momentary pain, the sudden stab, the
selfish moan;

In greater grief again I'm one with those poor
souls who cry in vain!

OMBRE. B. B.

O shadowed eyes beneath the shadowy hair,
Gray eyes that always seek another's soul—
Yea, even but to touch, nor know the whole—
What of your own soul that is shining there?

O mouth that smiles, weary, incredulous,
Still asking like the eyes, unsatisfied,
O questioning lips! Is the response denied
Also to you? Will it be always thus?

O pale hands, moving there like butterflies,
Restless as lip and eye and soul behind,
What would you reach, O hands? What seek
to find?
Believe me, there is nought that satisfies!

AT DAWN.

Were we but two within my room to-night,
Where burned twin candles on the ivory shelf,
And where, in sacramental potency,
Gleamed yellow flowers, symbol of loneliness;
And through the casement, on the summer air,
Came scent of lilac, deepened in the night?
Nay, as we spoke, and you and I revealed
Each unto each a common heritage,—
The struggle of the Artist with the Mob—
The anguish of the Priest against the world—
Then I could feel, even as the lilac's breath,
Something come stealing back into my life,
Someone or something, lost through many years;
Making as nought the loneliness of soul,
The living death of mere emotional
Satiety; and bidding to renew
Old aspirations after higher things,—
Beauty or God—the Poet's Dual One.

EGO EXUL.

Lord Christ, I loved thee once, how long ago!
And hungered for Thy Love from day to day
As each returning morn brought memory.
Nay, more, the very symbol that could show
Thy dying Love, brought me that Love's embrace!
In that dread rite I saw Thee face to face.
Yea, in that Sacrament Thy lips sought mine,
Thine arms enfolded me—I was Thy spouse.
Yet I was wanton, Lord, and loved to choose
Other than Thy embrace, tender, divine.
Behold me now, even as the Prodigal,
Beggared and outcast, herding with the swine!
If I have fallen too low for Love of Thine,
Give me some pity, Lord, ere worse befall.

BENEDICTIO DOMINI.

The church is decked in festival, around are
flowers, and tapers shine,
And incense burns before the shrine of God In-
carnate, Lord of all!

And in His servant's hand behold Him risen in
blessing, kneeling see
His people bowed in ecstasy, worshipping even
as of old!

And I am there to-night alone! Alone I came,
alone I go
Through tumult of my living to the peace of
resting when 'tis done.

For me no blessing from on high—no manna in
my wilderness!
Only the scorpions of distress—night of the Soul,
Gethsemane!

Could you not lead me on the road or let your
voice my hardness melt,
As once of old the people felt the voice of babes
the Voice of God?

Or must I still endure the pain, the ceaseless long-
ing to believe—
The endless wishing to receive the blessing of
the Lord again?

TIME'S CHANGELING. I.

Yet once again within your room I sat
Feeling your presence with me, as of yore,
Not the old magic, maybe, as before ;—
Have we not grown too old and wise for that ?
Did you not find me harder, more of stone,
Dead-hearted, like the little shell we find
Within some ancient petrification, blind
To sights that touched me once, yea, out of tone
With the old harmony in which Life moved
Long, long ago, in our first friendly days ?
And, in these essays of my art I showed
You, I could see another colour glowed
For you, than when at first their worth was
proved,
And I was made victorious by your praise !

TIME'S CHANGELING. II.

And so I send you flowers in memory,
Fresh, fragrant things, yielding their life for you.
Not like the tainted pictures of my view—
Memorials of dead hours—Life's cemetery!
But these are living, these with passion glow,
If but a moment be its ecstasy!
And each, unlike my pictured fantasy,
Contains renewing life. O, be it so
That, from to-night, to other thoughts I rise
Than harsh delineation of sad things!
Rather, through Art, to give my spirit wings,
Yielding to earth the worm that never dies—
The morbid thought—to gain in victory
O'er self, through you and it, self-mastery!

SYMBOLICAL.

From all these blossoms there
What shall I choose?
In all that beauty rare
There is none fair:
But still you ask, and how can I refuse?

Pallor of peonies
I will have none,
Nor yellow irises,
Nor the blue eyes
Of cornflowers, nor that pink carnation.

These, and those others white
Are much too cold
To touch my heart to-night:
Even the bright
Pansies and roses seem but dull and old!

But, midst these flowers pale,
Royal, apart,
I, for my festival,
Choose from them all,
Scarlet carnations, colour of wounded heart.

CHEMIN INTERDIT.

Spin words no more !
No phrase can mean for me
Other than emptiness.
Why then distress
Yourself with such strange subtlety ?
Pray you, give o'er.

These words you speak
Once truly symbols were
Of feelings that have moved
Me, hated, loved,
Gladdened, in tears, or dull despair ;
Now, all too weak.

Their day is past,
Even the things they mean
Have vanished from my mind.
And now I find
Nought, but, within my soul serene,
Desire for Rest.

ASHES OF ROSES.

Dear, for the dead days let us bring dead flowers,
Ashes of Roses for their memory
With the faint perfume of a sanctuary!
Dearest, were they not wonderful, those hours?

Are they quite dead? Cannot their perfume last,
Wafted just now and then to our tired souls,
As of dead rose leaves in old silver bowls?—
Yea, let us hope for dreams of those days past.

And for some sudden meeting, now and then,
But of the eyes, perhaps, and in a crowd—
Never a hand to touch or a word aloud—
Only that you and I meet once again!

DISCORD—THE FULL CLOSE.

I have been often in strange places, done
Many and wondrous things, felt ecstasies,
Sounded the deepest notes of pain, touched bliss,
Worshipped the Moon, and magnified the Sun:
Known the strange dreams that come to us by art,
The Body's horror, and the Spirit's death;
The subtle mystery of the poisoned breath
Of magic rite! Yea, I have borne a part
In every hidden purple fantasy
Through greenest night of curiosity!
To-day transcended all—with you I came
To where before God's altar burns the flame;
Mary has looked on us, with blessed John,
Weeping beside the Cross where hangs Her Son!

KISMET.

All life is but a fantasy,
And we who act, or think we do,
Are but as puppets in a show,
Or figures in a tapestry.

For there is Someone holds the strings,
Someone controls the busy loom :
And sometimes, passing through the gloom,
We see our Fate on eagles' wings.

IMPRESSIONS.

THE PRIEST TO THE FLAME.

Watching ever the leaping flame
 With weary eyes—
For day and night are both the same
 To the sacrifice—
Set in a bower of roses white,
Behold the Priest in the candlelight
 Alone !
And, faint on the purple midnight sky,
Souls, like dead leaves, go floating by.
And, catching some on their mad carême,
He adds their life to the Altar's flame,
 That the mystery
Of the magic rite eternally
 Be done !

PRIMAVERA.

Green are the woods in Spring,
Green round your dwelling.
Song birds within these woods,
Far from our restless moods,
All the old tales are telling.
Hark, how the birds sing !

I, too, have known these woods
In the faraway ;
Birds sang their songs for me,
All life in a major key,
But all that was yesterday.
Keys change with our moods !

Once again in the green path
Dreamt I to wander ;
Not the old Spring to see—
Not the old melody—
But God's voice in thunder !
Life fulfilled in wrath !

Then peace, and the Spring breeze
New life quickening ;
Waking each bird to tell
Love's hope in his matinal,
Whilst leaves are thickening
Green on the stirred trees.

Dreams, and a life of dreams !
Facts seen through fancies !
Such, to the artist's soul,
Filling Life's brimming bowl,
Richer in chances
Oft than experience seems.

NEUROTIC.

Nerves! And the awful torment of poor flesh,
Like quivering atoms burned in a white flame,
Wrenching, searing, soaring in ecstasy,
Feeding on tortured nerves; the words of friends,
As false as Judas in their comforting,
Oil to the flames! one cannot make reply,
So, sick, the body suffers, and the brain
Reels like a derelict when winter sends
Thousands of rushing breakers over her,
Food for the endless famine of the sea.
Then are the waters calm as sated snakes.
So, through the terror of his tragedy,
Body and brain bruised in the fight, the man
For the gray end of all waits wearily.

DELILAH.

Yes, you were beautiful : your golden hair
Curled with rare art about your shapely head,
And, as you moved majestic, with slow tread,
Flowed the gray purple of expectancy
In floating lines about your symmetry.
Alas ! But for all that no Samson there !
Your ivory hands played o'er the silver, then,
While sweetest music tranced us to soft dreams,
The lost, the half-forgotten,—such as seems
Mirage almost—half pleasure and half pain,
You sat, outlined like cameo, by the fire ;
The while I saw old Dagon's altar pyre,
And heard the shouting soldiers all around,
As a weak woman watched a strong man bound.

TREMOLO.

Across the spotted robe he wears,
Flits a gray bird on outstretched wing,
And, o'er its booty hovering,
A gray bat in pursuit appears.

And, from his forehead, from his feet,
Spirals of thin white flame arise
Across the darkness of the skies
The silence of the night to greet.

And lo, his head is crowned with flowers ;
And, in the circle of his arm,
A gray beast sleeping, held from harm :
And so he passes through the hours.

THE WOMAN WITH THE PURPLE LIPS.

Within the circle of her destiny,
Argent and crimson robed, imperial
As one who knows her captives to enthral,
This woman stands in awful majesty !
The frontal of her head a heart reversed
Crowned with funereal plumes, whence, spread-
ing, flow
Roses in torrents, black, and white as snow,
Blue, crimson, spotted ; and her face accurst
Shines like a wrecker's beacon in the night.
Her eyes burn terrible beneath pent brows
Like the avenging fires that battle close
And hail doomed cities ! But amid the white
Of her dread face, most maddening, murdering,
Her purple lips smile for men's torturing.

L'IVRESSE.

Powerless to stand, behold one seated there,
In folds of purple silk draped carelessly,
Cinctured with scarlet, and the ivory
Of his tired, pallid body gleaming fair!
Hair ashen, tangled; in his deathlike face
His eyes loom cavernous, devoid of light,—
Dead moons still circling in a sea of night—
And lo! his wasted hands with weary grace
Upraise a silver cup to pendulous lips
Gray-crimson, like old damask soiled at feasts.
Against a livid sky two yellow beasts
(One crouched, the other prowls with undulant
hips)
Watch, with a tortured gleam in their green eyes,
The consummation of the sacrifice.

THE CRY IN THE NIGHT.

There is a sound of crying in the night !
All the poor things at whom the daylight mocks
Drowning their utterance with noisy jibe :
Lovers who mourn their faithless, hungry babes
And all down-trodden people ; anxious wives,
Husbands deceived ; and passion's white-faced
 slaves
Free for the moment to lament their lives ;
Workers who toil for others ; hunted beasts
And little birds caught fast in gin and snare ;
Those who have lost their god, nor find a place
Nor one to worship—all the bitter cry
Of those who had—who lost—who suffer ! Still
Anguished above all crying in the night
The call of mouths to whom no kiss has come.

A UNE DÉESSE INCONNUE.

En pays lointain tu as entendu ma voix—
La voix, comme dans le feu, d'une âme souffrante,
Quand on y a montré, à ta vue caressante,
Le livre de l'aveu des pensées de mon choix.

Ainsi je t'envoie mes pauvres remerciements,
L'offrande d'un cœur qui s'agite à ta bienveillance,
Et je voudrais prier, comme dans mon enfance,
A une déesse lointaine, toujours secrètement.

SELF-LOVE.

APPARITIONAL.

Outwardly beautiful, in rich attire,
Decked with all Art can bring to Nature's aid,
Behold One, in such pageantry arrayed,
Standing before a mirror, to inspire
The selfish mind anew with selfish thought,
With further and insidious compliment
To all the matchless beauty insolent
That lives but for itself; and, caring nought
Of others' pleasure or of duty, seeks
Ever fresh satisfaction in the sight
And touch but of itself—no wrong, no right,
Other than its desire! Nought can perplex
One such as this, other than may arise
From a satiety of ecstasies

SELF-LOVE

THE REVELATION

But see, within the glass that should reveal
These charms, (between the folds on either hand
Of sable curtains hanging there, to lend
Contrasting glamour) and so set a seal
On self-opinion, lo, a devil's shape,
Ugly and menacing, with each great limb
Terrible and distorted; visage grim,
Hirsute and leering, and the mouth agape
Thirsting for horrid pleasures. On its head,
Vibrant with fierce desire its curling hair
Clusters like writhing snakes, its bosom bare
Pendulous, like some witch's old and dead.
O cruelty of Truth, thus to reveal
The Soul such outward art would fain conceal!

ON NE M'A JAMAIS TUÉ

Hushed is the hour—and all the faithful gone !
Still in the vast Cathedral there is one ;
No worshipper ! For see, in insolence
Upon the altar, at the Crucifix,
He stands between the sacred candlesticks !
Nay, and his attitude is not of penitence !
And, though his outward form be that of Man,
He is no man, as men are known to-day,
He is not fashioned of our common clay—
He is the oldest god of all, great Pan !
And, with his scornful hands in mockery
Outstretched, almost as if in parody
Of the Poor Figure in the sacrifice :
“ No one has ever killed me yet ! ” he cries.

AU THÉÂTRE.

The darkened theatre—the lighted stage
Where, to the amorous sound of harp and string,
Passion is mimicked; and the puppets sing
Voluptuous melody, or madly rage,
Or laugh, or sob, whilst all the time their eyes
Range round the listening house for its applause!
The women's, sharp as any tiger's claws,
Hunt for their prey, and, in this place of lies,
The low comedian thinks him crowned to hear
Some woman's stifled laughter from the pit
If some high-coloured jest, that seems to fit
Her mind depraved, tickles her wanton ear.
And when these pall, the dancers come and move
With undulant bodies—parodies of love.

MOT D'ARRÊT.

So far I'd read. And still my spirit took
In each bejewelled page increased delight—
Soul in accord with her who wrote the book—
Chapters unfolding like some palace dight
For festival, such glow of brilliant flowers,
Such royal pageantry! For many hours
I wandered, tranced, until a doorway broke,
Small, black, obtrusive, on my dreaming gaze
Making me pause! It was the girl who spoke—
Just a few words that, like some sudden phrase,
Changes one's life forever, though it smarts.
She spoke of "devils and such fallen things
Hiding beneath the crossing of their wings
The cavities that once held burnt-out hearts."

HEBRIDEAN.

O, strange mysterious music of the isles !—
The birth and death of Love most wonderful,
Hearts crying in an agony of tears :
Visions of God and of the Saints as friends ;
The cry of birds that flit across the deep ;
The call of cattle and the cradle song ;
Battle's fierce onslaught, and the waking croon
Over dead heroes, and the happy fires
Of simple folk who sit in speech ; yea, all
The woof of life in those dear distant lands,
Seen through the misty glamour of old days,
And sung by one who loves their ancient song.
And over all, and in each throbbing note,
The old, eternal sorrow of the sea.

KIMONO.

Strange pallid face, o'erhung with tangled hair,
Where passionate eyes burn still unquenchably
Though lately lifted from the Crucifix;
Red mouth that softly smiles, satirical—
A doubter's mouth—and downward hanging
hands

Half-hidden in the wide empurpled sleeve,
Like evening snow beneath the embroidery,
And toying always with a cigarette.
Flowing around the slender, swaying form,
Like the unfolding at Creation's breath
Of some strange blossom, purple draperies,
Changeable ever as a quivering flame,
And half concealing—half discovering;
And O, the ivory of sandalled feet.

PASSION-FLOWER.

What have I done with all the gods have given,
What memory of all the years have brought?
What have I found of all that I have sought,
What conquest in the fight when I have striven?
Of all my talents none but has been squandered;
Of all the bounteous years no memory;
In all my struggles ne'er a victory;
And from the upward-winding path I've wandered.
Still, from the wreckage of my life's disaster,
From fields of battle, from neglected ways,
From all my wasted years—dead nights and
days—
From such catastrophe still can I cull,
Among the weeds, one blossom beautiful:
Even my loving faith in thee, my Master!

TWO MAXIMS.

(AFTER COMTESSE DIANE.)

"What is, then, the use of Life?"
Dear, you say, perplexed in strife.
Shall I now this answer guess
To relieve your mind's distress?
"Time to imagine happiness."

"What is happiness?" you cry,
Asking it with lip and eye.
Shall I say, to ease your sorrow,
(Further from the wise to borrow)
"Happiness! That is To-morrow!"

SEQUENCES

CLAIRVOYANT.

Sometimes I dream, and oft the dream
Is as the shade
By sunlight made
Of things that follow in its gleam.

And, like my mind, I leave my door
Always ajar,
That never bar
Forbid whose shadow passed before.

So, in a sunlit dream of you,
Your shadow lay,
And now, to-day,
You came, and lo, my dream is true!

PASTEL DU STYX.

There is a green stream in a shadowy waste,
Where heavy ashen clouds horizons hide,
Obscuring both the source and final surge
Where the pale waters mingle with the sea.
And, on its surface, iridescent gleam
Strange ghosts of colour : kingly dragon-flies
Flit, spectre-like, above the tide of jade
Seeking, in sunless mirth, a shadowy feast.
And on its banks a narrow margin grows
Of faded flowers, like those who come too soon
To smile a little ere the sickle falls.
These are a garland for Proserpine :
Orchids of purple, poppies like her eyes
Mauve fringed with ebon ; ivory nenuphars
But scarce alive upon their weary couch—
The fading green of each supporting frond.
And stranger blossoms of a dying blue
Show, here and there, their pale and tremulous
eyes,
Some seeking life from the encalcined sky,
And some, narcissus-like, from the pale stream
Where their reflection quivers to a kiss—
All nourished, poisoned, dying in the gloom.

IN OPPOSITION.

Why are you always faithful to these flowers?
Would you have scarlet, even for your shroud?
They are as demagogues who call aloud,
And should have no appeal to minds like yours.
It is a still small voice that seeks the heart
And finds it ever: for the heart is shy,
Patiently waiting in obscurity,
Until the chosen voice touch it, apart.
Wherefore, I pray you, of your charity,
Smile not so proudly on my lowly choice.
Believe me, violets speak with Memory's voice,
And orchids tell of passionate fantasy.
And yet, 'tis better different we should be.
Friendship is best oft in diversity.

VESPERAL.

Some yellow orchids, like a faded passion,
Stand on my table in a silver jar :
And purple iris, each a trinity
Of eager questions, raise their slender stems.
The myosotis, in its tenderness,
Shows flushes faint to lips of carven jade.
Its blue eyes upward raised in purity,
Saying its little prayer : "forget me not !"
And, with two candles lighted, see me kneeling,
Murmuring, in my turn, my orison :
For whom, to Whom—for what beloved one,
To what most loving God—I cannot say.
And, wandering o'er each flower symbolical,
My weary eyes, gates of the soul, are weeping.

NINON.

Thou hast the power to play upon my heart
As one upon a muted violin;
For tender memories still dwell therein,
And yield themselves to a consummate art.
Not the old melodies of former days!
Never full echo to thy passionate touch!
Canst thou rest happy, recompensed with such
Thou wakest? O, they are no threnodies.
Rather they seem as preludes, as in June
The birds are joyful at the death of night.
Hast thou the power to put the dark to flight—
Create again for me a summer noon?
O, in thy strength, be tender to the strings!
Hearts are, like violins, but fragile things.

ABSOLUTION.

Living you wronged me; dying, you would bid
Me come and say forgiveness to your soul—
The absolution that would make you whole
Ere you depart. Think you thus now to rid
Your tortured mind of poignant memory?—
To drug the devil that now claims his debt—
For wrong of vanished days the late regret—
What of my ashen years of agony?
Nay, dearest, (once to speak the olden name)
Break not your heart in thus desiring peace:
There is no absolution needed for your sin,
If it were sin. I never thought to blame
Any but Fate; so on your lips my kiss
Rests for the sacring of the soul within.

THE WOMAN WHO REMAINS.

You left me with a crying in my heart,
 Like children's tears.
For, in these flying hours we spend apart,
Something awakes in me, and memories start
 Of other years.

And, as a child who for the moon does cry,
 So do I fret,
When rather should I thank my Deity
That I am saved from greater misery
 Than to forget.

Never remembered kisses!—now—and then,
 Forgetfulness!
But if I never saw your face again,
Would that be peace? Nay, rather, to my pain
 An added stress.

So must I wait, even though my lips be dumb,
 Hiding my tears.
O desert of the long grey years to come,
Wearily stretching even to the tomb,
 Desolate years!

ROI RÊVEUR.

Lo, in the silence of an upper room,
Ebon and silver, with gray velvet hung,
Where, in the dusky incense-laden air,
Candles burn ever sacramentally,
And curious ancient eastern things delight
(This in its form, and that in subtle hue)
Some fading sense where nevermore can stir,
After the weariness of centuries,
Aught than the ashen memory of Life—
See, simulacrum of vitality,
The supramental regent of the night,
Still spinning, in the twilight of the tomb,
Coloured as cobweb, and as faintly frail,
The endless filament of barren dream!

APPASSIONATA.

Would'st thou, as from some magic instrument,
Draw, like Beethoven, chords of fantasy—
Heedless although one dies in ecstasy—
Is there no rock to hold thy covenant?

But, with the anguish wrung from ivory keys,
Beautiful, dead, but waking to thy touch,
Must thou make tablet of my heart for such,
Its blood the roses for thine artistry?

AU COIN DU FEU.

Out of the darkness have I come,
An evil round of tragic days,
Too sad and tired to longer roam,
To sit beside your fireside's blaze.

There let me rest a little space,
Forgetting all the ancient pain,
To hear your voice, to see your face,
Till in the dark I'm lost again.

UNDER THE MOON.

Bat's wings of blackness, Memory's messengers,
Beat blindly in the madness of the mind,
Sounding a symphony of sorrowing.
Golden the gladdening gleam of yesterday—
To-night the torrid torture of the tomb.
As, when, enshrouded in a simulate swoon,
Earth has engulfed, ecstatic eremite,
The witless victim of a violent vow
Miscarried, like the midnight marriage made
'T wixt silent shivering slave and Attila.
Like cataract of cold catastrophe,
Reason, in righteousness, rebellion routs,
And flambent fires of purple passionate prayer
Die down to dullest depths of dead despair.

SHADOW ON IVORY.

Again to-day, as o'er a sundering bar,
Our glances met—
Looks of good-bye—still, as all glances are
Other than final, blending with regret
The dear anticipation of return.

As those who yearn
With hearts unsatisfied, so still we are,
Though living in delight of present joy,
Fearing to-morrow when a voice will cry :

“Now is the last good-bye !”

Fears such as these within as shadows move
Upon the stainless mirror of our love,

Still you and I

Can in our farewell say : “Thank God, not yet !”

What of the day when we can meet no more—

Our last good-bye ?

When all the pleasures that have gone before
Are as a moment in Eternity,
A quiver of the eagle-wing of Fate ?

O, ere so late,

Let us make of the present golden store
Against the locust-hunger of the years—
Ere the Relentless each from other tears—

Love without fears !

Soon, soon shall fall the inevitable sword,
Dividing even as a sundered cord,

Nor shall our tears

Or cry “Not yet,” avail our agony.

THE TENTH DAY. M.S.

Dear one, whom shadows hold
 In thy retreat,
 I drag my feet,
Heavy with worldliness and sin, to kneel
 Before thee, as of old.

Thou hast a blessing still
 For me, thy child.
 Yea, see, as mild
Thy voice, the touch of thy beloved hands,
 As in past years I feel.

Dearest, thy love transcends
 My feeble sense.
 In penitence
I bow before the Love that knows no fears,
 Nor ever asks amends.

O, may I have, through years
 That still must pass,
 Thy voice to bless,
Thy hands to raise and comfort me, until,
 For both, the Light appears.

REINCARNATION. N.V.

There is a cloistered silence in the glen,
Where, on the mountains, clouds lie canopied,
And, other than the tainted speech of men,
Only the curlew crying overhead,
And, through the heather, little whispering rills.
Peace in the purple shadow of the hills.

There is a silence in the tortured heart,
Born in the momentary ecstasy.
How poor now, in the solitude, apart,
The storm and stress, the insensate jealousy!
How vain at last all pride, all passion, seems!
Peace in the silver shadow of dead dreams.

ROI EN EXIL. E.F.R.

Thou hast the gracious mien of tragic kings,
That old grave beauty of the centuries,
Yet finding in these hasty rebel days
But little honour. In thy carven mouth
The rule imperial still, though abdicate.
Thine ivory face is blanched by bitter nights
Of endless weeping for a dead desire ;
Thy voice, like many waters, cries in vain—
Only thy desolation its reply.
Thy weary eyes, sad as a god's upborne
Upon the symbol of a people's hate,
Have looked on beauty,—thine inheritance,
Loved with the inmost worship of thy soul,
Mother and Mistress, till they cast thee forth.

O sad degenerate days, that cannot see
Or Faith or Beauty ! But, among the few
Who share thine exile, thou art ruler still.

PAULUS AD MAGOS.

Poison of drug, or in potion or powder or smoke;
Poison of flower, or in colour or scent or in line;
Poison in thought or in deed or in cabalist sign;
Deadliest poison, the poisonous word that is
spoke!

These are the wares that you offer, O merchants
abhorred,
To needs of humanity, dying in hunger of soul.
To each and to all is an antidote, making us
whole,
The life-giving medicine of health, the Word of
the Lord.

IN AUVERGNE.

Are there not crosses hard enough to bear—
Do not their shadows lie across my way—
That you must send me from the far away
Visions of others that have met you there?

Has France no other message from its plains?
Are there no beauties cradled in its hills,
Its ancient cities, churches, citadels,
Its rivers—than the image of these pains?

O, have I read awrong? Should I not trace
There for a joy I cannot understand—
See, with the smiling peasants of that Land,
The Cross the symbol of their happiness?

IN MEMORIAM. E.R.I.

Hush for awhile! Let words of rancour cease,
Only let tears and prayers the silence break.
He who gave peace to others has found peace,
Come, then, and o'er his bier a farewell speak,
Only the tolling bell, the cannon's boom.
The Father of his people has passed home.

Others for glory in hard battles strive,
Or purchased praise, dear bought by others pain.
This one no conquest sought but what may live
In kindly deeds of love to fellowmen.
Hated, accurst, though crowned in glory, some;
A children's love goes with our father home.

Earth unto earth, ashes to ashes, dust!
Is this his end who was an Empire's pride?
Now he has yielded up his sovereign trust,
By his forerunners lay him side by side;
Raise to his memory a glorious tomb!
The Ruler of his people has passed home.

He who loved peace, unto the Prince of Peace!
Defender of the Faith, to see the Light!
He who gave peace awhile, bade struggles cease,
Enters the kingdom of peace infinite.
Shrined in his people's heart through years to
come,
Peace to the soul of him who has passed home!

VIA AMORIS.

(AFTER COMTESSE DIANE.)

O woman and O man ! Throughout the years
With practised art the ancient game ye play.
And, ever, at the closing of the day,
The same unvarying result appears.

From the beginning ever was it done ;
Doubtless, unto the end, 'twill be the same.
Life to the one—to t'other but a game ;
The one remains, the other passes on.

IN PRISON. C.H.

Even within a prison has a slave
His exquisite hour.
There is a power
Stronger than shackles of his living grave.

Terrors and tortures fail when Memory
Gives him again,
Free among men,
One sacramental hour of ecstasy.

So, in my life-long dreary circumstance,
I, too, can know,
To heal my woe,
Such joy within the prison of mischance.

Ever the vision of a perfect hour—
A perfect song ;
Even among
My fettered days I am a conqueror.

EXCENTRIC.

We met again upon the outer curve,
Poor sad excentrics, where ghosts wander by,
Phantoms like us, pursuing aimlessly
Their pleasures or their fate, and all the while
The centre burned—the Child in Happiness!
But never can these weary steps of ours
Enter such Kingdom of the Ultimate.
We have decided, or the devil did
Who placed the knot upon the strand of life.
And, howsoe'er we try unravel it,
Never can satisfaction crown essay.
Thrust from the paradise we laughed to scorn,
Never can we stand in the Holy Place,
Or worship in its mystic Motherhood.
Once in the dance we thought we heard a Voice,
Only too late we find the door is shut.

IN RETREAT.

O Voice of Silence, what hast thou to say
 To those who come,
 Tortured yet dumb,
Craving a cup of water, if one may?

O Voice of Silence, voice that cries alway :
 "I am alone,
 And all are one,
And all in me must pass, alone, their way."

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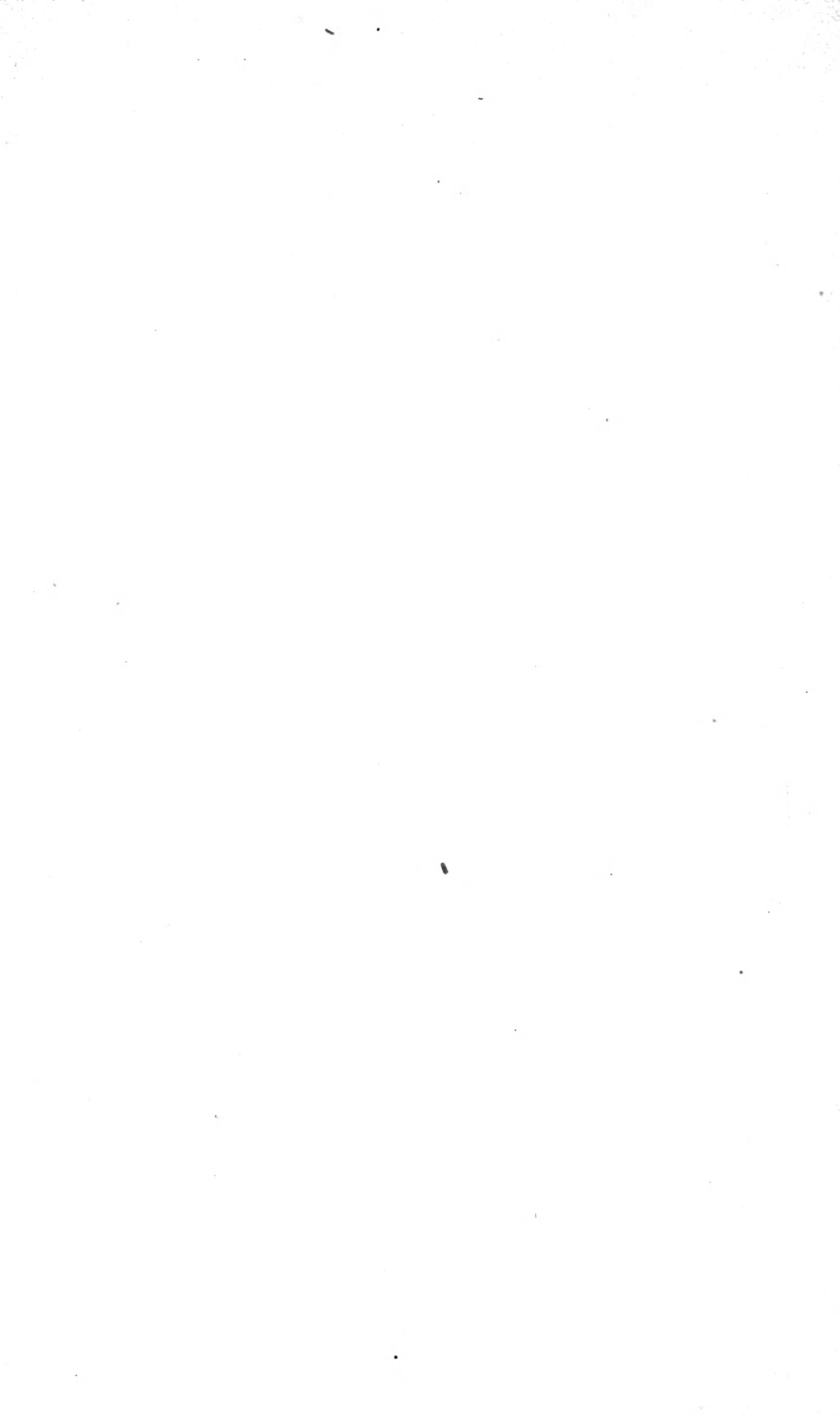
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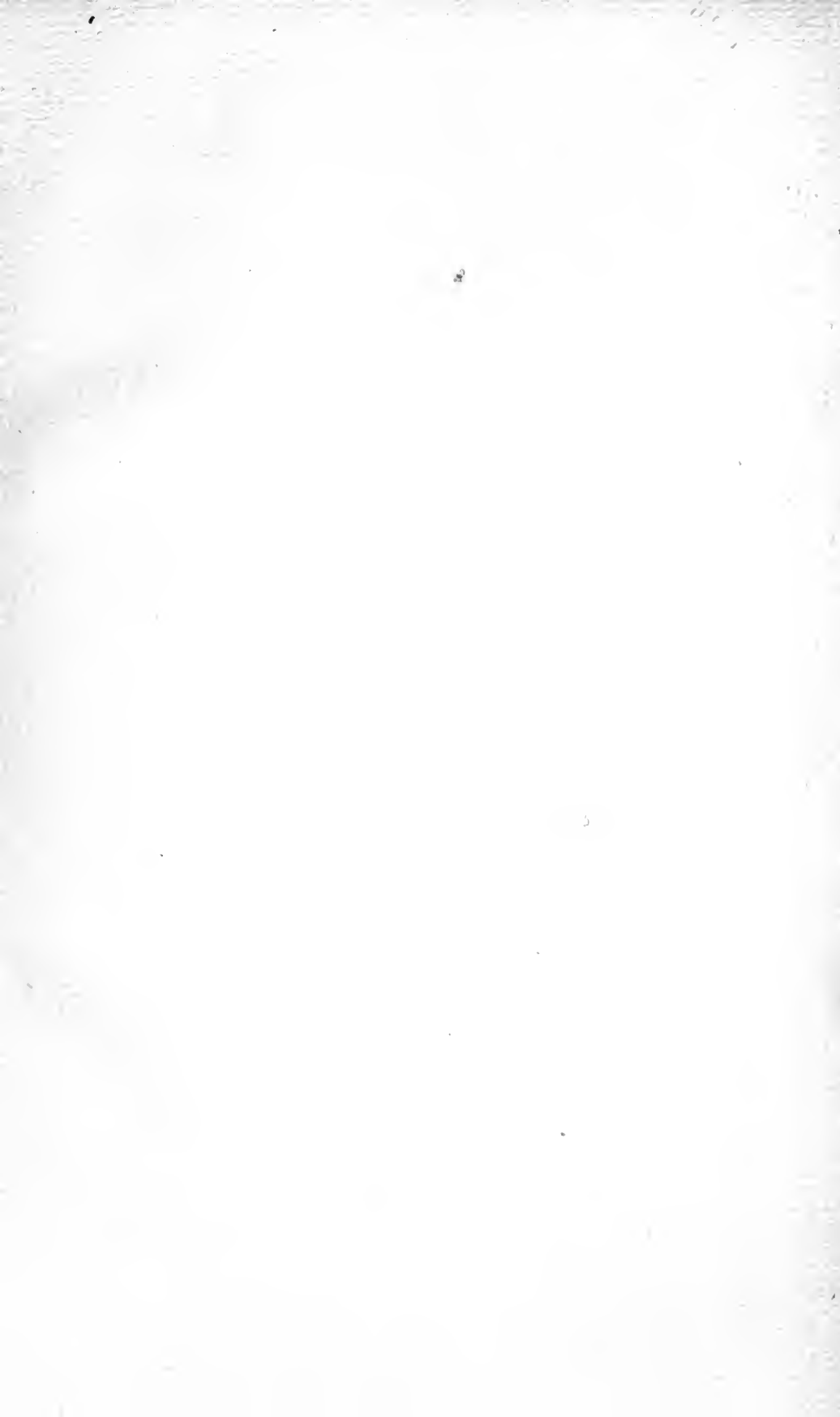
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